

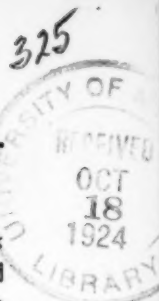
The Saturday Review

No. 3597. Vol. 138.

4 October 1924

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER]

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising, and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

Notes of the Week

THE reassembly of Parliament has brought two crises upon the Government. In each case, significantly, Moscow or the shadow of Moscow is responsible for the trouble. If the Government should be thrown out of office by either the affair of the Communist editor or that of the Russian Treaty, it will have been defeated in reality less by opposing parties than by extremists within its own ranks. Mr. Asquith, in tabling his resolution for the rejection of the Russian Loan guarantee, has at last screwed his courage to the sticking point and decided to risk launching his unhappy crew upon the calamitous waters of a General Election. His is an unenviable choice. He calculates, no doubt, that the longer he keeps the Socialists in office the worse will be the retribution awaiting him at the polls. When he put them into office he evidently imagined that the reversion of the Premiership would be his when he should choose to oust them; but now that the most optimistic Liberal can no longer harbour the faintest hope of enjoying office as a single party for many a long day, he evidently prefers the faint and future possibility of power at second hand, tied as it were to the coat-tails of Conservatism, to the prospect of ignominious sessions as a hewer of Socialist wood and a drawer of Clydeside water. If there is a General Election, no doubt the Liberal remnant will hope to co-operate with Conservatives in the next Parliament. And, as St. Paul says, it is better to marry than to burn.

THE LIBERAL MOTION

The Liberals have realized whither the logic of their criticism of the deal with Soviet Russia takes them, and have decided to oppose what they justly describe

as a sham treaty. Their motion, which condemns the treaty on the ground that it uselessly diverts funds needed for national and imperial development, cannot be debated till early in November. Meanwhile, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may devise some means of diminishing the shock of the attack on his position. He may cast all responsibility on the House or suggest the setting up of some sort of Parliamentary Commission to deal with British relations with Soviet Russia. But it is extremely difficult, especially in view of his recent declaration at Derby, to see how he can avoid treating the motion as in effect a motion of no confidence. We are thus brought markedly nearer to a General Election. The issue as framed by the Liberals is, however, too narrow. It is not only this loan that is objectionable; the policy of allowing international agreements to be contingent on loans, and bribing our enemies into amity, is intolerable in principle.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON IRELAND

Less than usual admiration of his adroitness, more than usual mistrust of his candour, will have been excited by Mr. Lloyd George's speech in debate on the Ulster motion against the Irish Bill. He flatly denied that he had ever given any pledges about boundaries, and we must accept his denial, but we cannot respect the statesmanship that distributes areas between disputatious neighbours with a mental reservation regarding their extent. Nor can we find any substantial contribution to the allaying of natural fears when the areas liable to transfer are described as parishes instead of counties or districts. The great master of ambiguity, the artist in diplomacy carried on by misunderstandings fostered by his own reticence, remains true to his old methods, though hardly to form.

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

THE ONLY PEACE FOR IRELAND

Whatever the Government may succeed in doing under its Irish Bill, there can be no peace in Ireland by a settlement imposed from without. That plain truth remains after all the rhetoric of debate has been swept away. Practical recognition of it may mean long delay, but there is no alternative, for the drawing of boundaries cannot be the end of the matter. After the boundaries have been drawn the people on either side of them will still be neighbours, and they will respect frontiers only so far as they are satisfied about the principles on which and the procedure by which they have been fixed. To suppose that Ulster can be bound by the action of any person nominated from without to represent her is folly. Equally is it foolish to imagine that the South, without change of heart, will be contented with less than the maximum now demanded by its real masters. We acknowledge that the Government is showing anxiety to avoid words and gestures that would provoke either North or South in Ireland, but the settlement from which Ulster stands out cannot be final or peaceful.

THE GERMAN TRADE TREATY

The new orientation of French policy which resulted from the London Conference and led to the determination to form a commercial agreement with Germany put this country in a difficult position. If Franco-German trade was to be encouraged, could we afford to be left behind? Already in the first half of the current year Germany has taken nearly £23,000,000 worth of our goods. It is of the utmost importance that we should develop this market, not only for its own sake, but also as the distributing centre for Central and Eastern Europe. The negotiations recently opened in Berlin were, therefore, to be welcomed, but the present state of affairs is extremely unsatisfactory. The announcement early last week that negotiations had broken down was immediately denied, the return of the British representatives from Berlin being apparently for the purpose of consultation with the Government. If any precedent may be found in other international arrangements made by the present Government, the treaty should have been signed on the following day. This was not the case, however, and the public is anxious to know the real situation. Possibly the Government is consulting the representatives of British industry. If that is so, an announcement to that effect could do nothing but good.

THE MINERS AND THE PREMIER

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has at length found it possible to meet the miners and to listen to their representation of the dangers to which the industry is exposed by the Dawes scheme in so far as that stimulates deliveries of reparation coal. The interview is understood to have left matters much as they were. Yet we have reason to believe that a modification of the attitude of the miners is less unlikely than it was a few days ago. It is not that the Premier can have adduced any novel arguments, but that some of the miners are beginning to understand that the more hopeful policy is one of encouraging the German miners to work shorter hours. They are no more optimistic about relief from Downing Street than they were; and though they have appointed their representative to the body which is to inquire into the general effect of the Dawes scheme on British industry, they expect little from that investigation. Their eyes are turning to the prospect of getting the nine-hour day abolished in Germany by German Labour action.

GERMANY AND THE LEAGUE

The admission of Germany to the League is a fact which must be envisaged sooner or later, if the reconstruction of Europe is to be completed and the

evil passions of war removed. It is, however, a typical example of her tactless diplomacy to draw attention to herself by sending a note to the members of the Council with inquiries as to the manner of her reception and her subsequent position. With her uneasiness regarding her obligations to the League, in the event of warlike operations being undertaken by that body, we have more sympathy. It is difficult for her in her present condition to allow foreign troops to cross her territory, even if they are acting under the orders of the League. We do not share her apprehensions that events on the Polish-Russian border will necessitate in the near future the despatch of armed forces by the League to the assistance of Poland, but such a possibility must be envisaged. It would then become necessary to guarantee her against attack if the League forces were defeated.

THE PROTOCOL

Though the draft protocol has not yet been published, Mr. Henderson has realized the intense interest felt at home in the commitments which are being made in our name, and in various interviews with representatives of the Press has given a rough outline of the position. It would seem that six different definitions of the word "aggression" have been laid down, under any one of which the offending State is automatically declared the aggressor. All members of the League must then completely sever economic relations with the State in question and may be called upon by the Council of the League to defend with armed forces the State which is being attacked. We are glad to note that, while the Council may recommend the extent and nature of the forces to be supplied, the final decision rests with each member, but we await the reassurance that the decision of the Council to employ force must be unanimous. The League is no super-State and the sovereign rights of its members must be protected.

JAPAN AND THE LEAGUE

Agreements that are hailed at Geneva as triumphs for the cause of international peace are apt to carry in them the germs of strife, but seldom can there have been so much truth in this criticism as there is on the morrow of the agreement in regard to Japanese immigration. Japan has succeeded in getting it recognized that she shall not be regarded as an aggressor when she objects to the domestic decisions and actions of another Power, provided she is willing to bring the dispute before the Council of the League. This may seem a victory at Geneva; actually, it will have two deplorable consequences. As regards the British Empire it will emphasize the divergence of interests between Great Britain, anxious to get the Peace Protocol agreed, and the Dominions, anxious to preserve their full rights in regard to immigration. And as for the United States, it will greatly strengthen American reluctance to becoming involved in the League.

ZAGHLUL

The conversations between Mr. MacDonald and Zaghlul Pasha appear, so far, to have been satisfactory, and it is reported that several misunderstandings have been cleared away. Moreover, the Pasha has announced his intention of prolonging his stay in England so as to complete the discussions. This is all to the good if it indicates a change of heart on his part, but we confess to some scepticism. In any case, it is as yet early to predict success. How many conferences since the war have opened with enthusiastic *rapprochements* only to close with ill-concealed bitterness. There is, however, a favourable factor in the present case. The announcement some little time ago that the Pasha was returning to Cairo without meeting the Prime Minister caused open consternation in Egypt, and it may be that he now realizes the advantage of a bird in the hand over two in the Sudanese "bush."

THE EMPIRE CRUISE

The return of the Special Service Squadron which, under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Field, has just navigated the world, if it had taken place in other days would have been marked by some special demonstration. Instead, the fleet of ships which has shown the flag all over the Empire has been allowed to creep back to its moorings without a public welcome of any kind. Even the march through London of the officers and men, for which Lord Curzon pressed in the House of Commons, was refused. The voyage now brought to a close will serve to remind not only other nationalities but our own people that the Navy is still in existence.

RETALIATION WELL DESERVED

No one can blame either Australia or New Zealand for the action taken with regard to goods admitted under the British Preferential Tariff. Our manufacturers have only themselves to blame. Some time ago we warned them of what would happen if the spirit of the law governing preferential treatment continued to be evaded, but apparently the warning fell on deaf ears, with the result that the Commonwealth of Australia has now decided to raise the proportion of British labour and materials in imported goods under the preferential tariff from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. Where all possible processes of manufacture are performed in the United Kingdom, preferential admission will still be granted, but if the goods can be manufactured in Australia, preference will not be given unless 50 per cent. of the labour and material is British. The Government of New Zealand announce similar restrictions with the exception that goods manufactured in British possessions wholly from foreign raw materials will qualify for the preference irrespective of the value of the material used. We do not in the least imagine that the new legislation will in any way affect the volume of our exports of manufactured articles to Australia and New Zealand, but it certainly will limit the operations so far as profits are concerned of those manufacturers who in their transactions with Australia and New Zealand have failed to appreciate the true inwardness of commercial morality.

SPAIN

We congratulate General Primo de Rivera on his first success in Morocco. The relief of Sheshuan was well carried out and is a notable event in the campaign. Much, however, will depend on the way in which the victory is treated. It should mark rather the completion of the first—or withdrawal—stage of the operations than the opening of the counter-offensive. To overestimate it might well be fatal to the success of the Spanish arms. In Spain itself, too, the utmost circumspection is needed. The political cabals have so far fallen rather flat, but the dangers of the situation may be gauged by the extent of the repressive measures taken against the Press and political opponents generally.

HUGH CHISHOLM

Hugh Chisholm was not only a brilliant editor, he was an able writer and well informed in many matters. He was a clear thinker and had both a scholarly style and an intellectual grasp of affairs which are sadly missing in many writers to-day. For some time he was a member of the staff of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Apart from his literary abilities he possessed the gift of organization, and in this respect his loss will be felt at the Athenæum, of which he was Vice-Chairman. He took a great interest in the club and was mainly responsible for the changes it has been proposed to make for the comfort and convenience of members. His friendly disposition and open manner made him friends wherever he went, and his death, at a comparatively early age, will be mourned in many circles and many climes.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S DEFENCE

IT would be difficult to say whether ineptitude or impudence predominated in the defence which the Attorney-General attempted to make for his grossly improper handling of the case against the acting editor of the *Workers' Weekly*. The facts of the matter are notorious, but must be reviewed in the twilight of the Attorney-General's explanation of his motives and procedure. At the end of last July, when Sir Patrick Hastings was consulted by the Director of Public Prosecutions regarding the article in the *Workers' Weekly*, he formed precisely the opinion that any ordinary person would have formed after perusal of that Communist effusion. He saw in it, *prima facie*, an incitement to mutiny. Thereupon he ordered that the police should "make inquiries and institute proceedings." The inquiries, however, were either subsequent to the institution of proceedings or received the Attorney-General's attention after the first move in prosecution had been made. It was thus only after committing himself that Sir Patrick Hastings learned the facts on which he caused the prosecution to be abandoned. What were these facts that changed his purpose? The editor of the Communist organ was away on holiday, and the offensive article had appeared in print under the auspices of the acting editor. According to Sir Patrick Hastings, an acting editor is not responsible for the statements or comments to which he gives a circulation. In what sense such a being earns his designation and salary we are left to conjecture, and no suggestion is made as to who, the acting editor being wholly released from responsibility, really must be held answerable for libel, blasphemy or sedition in a paper issued under these conditions. The one thing certain, to the mind of Sir Patrick Hastings, is that the person charged with the commissioning, the selection, and the publication of articles cannot be called to account for their nature.

That being so, it is not quite obvious that the personal character or war record of this happily exempt *locum tenens* need have the Attorney-General's consideration. Why look for mitigating circumstances where there can be no guilt? Sir Patrick Hastings, however, deemed it relevant that the acting editor was reported to be, in other than journalistic capacities, a good citizen and to have behaved gallantly during the war. He discovered, a little late in the day, that there was much to set against the offence that the acting editor had not committed. Simultaneously or soon afterwards, it struck him that the prosecution might fail. His sense of expediency being now stimulated as strongly as his conscience, Sir Patrick Hastings decided that the prosecution should be abandoned, but as to the manner of withdrawal he left himself entirely in the hands of counsel. The magistrates and the public were not afforded any opportunity of learning that an acting editor neither acts nor edits, and that all journalistic responsibility can be evaded by sending an editor away on holiday. They were told nothing of the real motives and reasons for the termination of proceedings. All that they had from counsel was a statement that "representations" had been made which put another aspect on the case. The first inference of most people was that the representations were those of the accused or his employers, but it was speedily and defiantly asserted by the offending journal and its friends that severe and successful pressure had been put on the Government by certain of their followers. The acting editor, far from snatching at the official theory which made him irresponsible, adopted as his own the article in question, and declared, "it was no goodwill on the part of the Labour Government that caused the prosecution to be dropped, but simply the pressure of the rank and file." The *Workers' Weekly* named these stalwarts, Messrs. George Lansbury, John Maxton,

A. A. Purcell, John Scurr, adding that they had threatened, if the prosecution were continued, to place in the witness-box the Prime Minister and some of his colleagues. But we are now assured by Sir Patrick Hastings that, with the exception of himself and the Solicitor-General, not one member of the Cabinet had anything to do with the decisions made in the case, and that no representations were made to him.

Messrs. Lansbury, Maxton, Purcell, and Scurr are thus deposed from eminence as champions of liberty as understood by Communists, the Premier and Ministers generally are shut out of the picture, and Sir Patrick Hastings remains, except for whatever degree of connivance may be ascribed to the Solicitor-General, wholly responsible for both the launching and the withdrawal of the prosecution. How much he appreciated the seriousness of that responsibility is evident from his indifference as to the statement of reasons to be made by counsel. How rapidly, the final decision taken, his mind was turned away from the case is plain from his avowal that until he recently read a report of Sir John Simon's attack on his conduct he was in ignorance of the language actually used by counsel. And how much guidance was available to counsel may be judged from the confession that, in the absence of any authoritative explanation of the Ministerial view, counsel felt entitled to base himself on an irresponsible remark made in the House, a remark with which Sir Patrick Hastings had so little to do that he had to send for Hansard to acquaint himself with it.

Unless our memory is as defective as Sir Patrick Hastings's, there has never before been such a shocking display of incompetence and impropriety in action followed by such an exhibition of muddle, irrelevance and impudence in apology. There can be no doubt now of the unfitness of Sir Patrick Hastings for the position he occupies. The only question in minds free to deal with this scandal is whether condemnation should be confined to the Attorney-General or should fall on the whole Government. If the Government, by submission to the public judgment on Sir Patrick Hastings, may to-day escape, its immunity cannot unconditionally continue. It has been definitely charged by the same paper with conduct utterly incompatible with its honour. Flushed with a victory which may be imaginary, but at any rate in possession of all that such a victory could give, the *Workers' Weekly* has said: "*Perhaps for the first time in England's 'fair island history' has the course of justice in the Law Courts been changed by outside political forces into an outright triumph for the working class over the capitalist class—not by way of securing a legal success but by a plain revolutionary victory.*" Whatever view may be taken of the article on which Sir Patrick Hastings originally moved, this is a plain and very grave accusation, and whatever happens to Sir Patrick Hastings, it will be incumbent on his surviving colleagues to meet it. For if it be untrue, it is a libel which must be exposed and the repetition of which must be prevented. Originally the *Workers' Weekly* may have engaged the attention of none but the legal Ministers; now each member of the Government must be aware that his honour is impugned and that public opinion has grown extremely sensitive in regard to this whole matter. It is essential, not only in the interests of the Government but for the purity of public life in this country, that the Government should vindicate itself, if it can, when charged with perverting justice for party reasons. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has rightly agreed to early debate on the affair, but it is not by any debate, nor even by the translation of Sir Patrick Hastings to another than ministerial position, that the public can be satisfied, so long as the charge we have quoted from the *Workers' Weekly* remains unmet by the only convincing action.

WALTER LONG

BY SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE, K.B.E.

A WINNING personality full of charm and transparent honesty, Walter Long had friends among all classes and in every section of political thought. Enemies he had none. Full of energy, ever cheerful, ever young, it is difficult to believe that he has gone from us. But his memory, the memory of a great English gentleman, will remain, and to the historian must be left the task of telling to future generations the part he played in our public life, the work he did for the Conservative cause, and the assistance he rendered for very many years in our Councils of State.

He was essentially a House of Commons man, and it was in the popular assembly he loved so well and so long adorned that he spent the greater part of his long and active career. For forty-four years he sat continuously as a Member of Parliament, and it was not until his health showed signs of failing, a few years ago, that he gave up the rough and tumble of the people's Chamber and passed to the quieter atmosphere of the House of Lords. He was very loath to leave the Commons and, even had his health been restored to him, I doubt whether he would ever have felt quite at home in the Lords. He filled many high and important positions during his lifetime, being successively President of the Board of Agriculture, President of the Local Government Board, Chief Secretary for Ireland, President of the Local Government Board for the second time, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and First Lord of the Admiralty. In all of these important posts he displayed not only a grasp of affairs, but a capacity for work which gained for him golden opinions in all quarters. By his genial manner, sound common-sense, and happy disposition, he endeared himself alike to his colleagues in the Cabinet and to the officials of the offices over which he presided. His judgment was always sound, and I do not think I shall be far wrong if I say it was Walter Long who was called in to fill the breach when difficulties arose or a crisis was impending. His knowledge was wide and his mind broad. He never took a narrow view and was able to see a question in all its aspects.

Deservedly popular and universally respected, nothing he disliked more than playing to the gallery or seeking notoriety. He was always just the plain English gentleman, and through all the days of his success he never wished to be regarded as anything more or anything less. Thorough in everything he did he hated sham, and had no use for the butterfly or the demagogue. He was quick to detect the shirker and never forgot to reward the worker. Once a friend of Walter Long, always a friend. It might be that he had his bad days. Who has not? His feathers at times got ruffled when things did not please, but they soon smoothed themselves down. Although not an orator, not even an eloquent speaker, he had a way of interesting an audience, and his speeches in the House were both convincing and to the point. Courteous in debate, cool and calm when pressed by a political opponent, he could hold his own in any discussion, and if anyone went down it would not be Walter Long. He was a born fighter. Always master of his subject he was never at a loss for an answer to an interruption. He depended more on what he said and the way he said it than on gestures and epigrams, and I never remember his saying anything he did not wish to say or having to unsay anything he had said. Had he become Prime Minister, as he very nearly did, there is no doubt that he would have filled the rôle in a manner that would have inspired confidence at home and given every satisfaction abroad. Well do I remember the party meeting at the Carlton Club when he and Austen Chamberlain made way for Bonar Law. "Walter," as he was affectionately called by his more intimate friends, never hesitated a moment. In a manly straight-

forward speech, that went to the hearts of everyone present, he placed, as he had always done, the cause first and himself last.

In him Ulster has lost a firm friend and a strong ally. No one knew his Ireland better. In the Home Rule combats he was ever to the fore, and both John Redmond and John Dillon knew that when they came to cross swords with Walter Long they would meet a foeman worthy of their steel. For all that, the Irish contingent always had a good word for him, and no malice was shown either on one side or the other. It was always a fair scrap in which no one admitted defeat. In all matters pertaining to Local Government he was a past master. At the Admiralty he was *persona grata* with the Sea Lords, and as a defender of the Navy both on the platform and in the House of Commons he had no equal. A great Imperialist, he was very happy at the Colonial Office, and with overseas statesmen was a prime favourite. He was the only Cabinet Minister who gave me any encouragement when, in 1896, I founded the Central Emigration Board. He alone appreciated the desirability of removing the obstacles in the way of carrying out the plan which I placed before him for the migration of children for whom Boards of Guardians stood *in loco parentis*, and he expressed himself favourably disposed towards legislation for the purpose of removing the legal difficulties preventing contributions being made to the cost of maintaining children migrated in the overseas Dominions. Again it was Walter Long who appointed the Empire Settlement Committee to consider the measures to be taken for settling within the Empire ex-Service men desiring to migrate after the war. In every sense of the term he was an Empire man.

He was a generous host. He entertained every member of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons at periodical dinners and on leaving the Admiralty gave a banquet to all the officials, which may be well described as a historic gathering. An ideal country landlord, he was beloved by the countryside, and great was the joy of the farmers when he became President of the Board of Agriculture. He found his recreation in the hunting field, was a good judge of a horse, and an excellent shot. His sporting instincts he carried with him into his public life. Never was he known to hit below the belt. Straight as a die, a man of honour and the highest integrity, he will be greatly missed and widely mourned.

HOW LABOUR GOVERNS

[FROM OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT]

Westminster, Oct. 2

AN epidemic has broken out among the members of the Government. The disease has been diagnosed as an elusive and highly infectious form of *automobilo-phobia*. The patient, suffering from the delusion that he possesses or may be suspected of possessing an endowed motor car, is thrown into convulsions by the very sight of a motor advertisement, and is only to be pacified and set on the road towards recovery by a more or less prolonged abstention from any public use of the mechanical vehicle which he owns. It was noticed at the last Cabinet meeting that every member of the Government except the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose right to an automobile no one can question, was suffering from this serious complex. Our Socialist Ministers left their cars in their garages and footed it to the meeting like true democrats.

If it had not been for the Irish problem Members of Parliament would still be disporting themselves in their constituencies or elsewhere. Yet political perversity has willed it that the Boundary question is taking a far less prominent part in the mind of

politicians than certain other matters, which concern far more intimately the life of the Ministry. The Attorney-General is in the limelight. He has been pushed to the front by Sir Frederick Hall, Sir Kingsley Wood, and Sir John Simon, all of whom are most anxious to know why the prosecution of Mr. Campbell of *The Workers' Weekly* had been dropped.

Sir Patrick Hastings's manner is not conciliatory; it would be better described as aggravating. As a barrister he was a great success: probably he would have been an even greater success as a schoolmaster, because he always talks down to his audience, but how he ever persuaded a jury is a mystery. In the matter of the Irish deportations he had one amazing success and vanquished Sir Douglas Hogg, who is biding his time. That success he has never forgotten and by his enemies it is held responsible for the sleekness of his hair, his brown socks, and his superior manner. He is still incapable of unbending to those whom he does not regard as his equals, and they are the rest of the world.

His defence of the withdrawal of the prosecution sounded delightful to everyone except a few lawyers and cynical politicians, whose curiosity was not yet satisfied. Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir John Simon returned to the charge, thirsting for information as to the statement made by the counsel for the Crown that the prosecution was withdrawn because "it had been represented that the object and intention of the article" was merely comment upon armed military forces being used by the State for the suppression of industrial disputes. Even the Socialists displayed eagerness to discover the origin of these representations, and it came as a shock to everyone when Sir Patrick announced in his off-hand manner that the distinguished counsel in question had been merely referring to an inquiry addressed on August 6 by Mr. Maxton, the Socialist Member for Bridgeton, to the Prime Minister, asking whether he was aware that the incriminating article contained many a call to the troops not to allow themselves to be used in industrial disputes. The crowning indiscretion was committed by the Attorney-General in the last sentence that he uttered. The Communists wanted Campbell to be made a martyr in this prosecution. He did not think the prosecution would succeed, and he did not intend it to fail. The inconsistency between these arguments was obvious to the House, and the Prime Minister gulped down water to allay his uneasiness.

The Liberals were in full cry. Nothing would suit their book better than to assert their position by compelling the resignation of the Attorney-General, for they have a deadly feud against the Law Officers. The last has not yet been heard of the high-handed fashion in which the Lord Chancellor swept from the list of magistrates the name of a conscientious objector. The word has gone out that Viscount Haldane was entirely responsible for that insult to Liberalism, and it appears that the Attorney-General similarly assumes all responsibility for the Campbell affair. A violent attack might bring about both their resignations.

After the alarms and excursions aroused by the Attorney-General's challenge to the world, the House was able to consider the Irish Bill in a rational and statesmanlike spirit. Everybody hoped that an Irish problem would be settled by Irishmen in Ireland. The Prime Minister's contribution to the debate was an historic summary of the events which had led up to the presentation of the Bill, and as he read his speech he renounced those pathetically false effects of which he is so fond. Mr. Baldwin talked very feelingly of the spirit in which the treaty had been passed and insisted that there must be no half measures when honour is at stake. Mr. Asquith was very pontifical when he assured the Government that they would have "the hearty and undivided support" of his political friends. The Liberal leader had one eye upon Mr. Lloyd George, but Mr. Ian Macpherson escaped the

influence of his glance, for a few minutes later the former Chief Secretary for Ireland was arguing that Article 12, implying the consent of Ulster, had been inserted in the treaty as a safeguard for the interests of Ulster.

The chief interest of the discussion of the Irish Bill departed when the Liberal Party declared what seemed to be definite war against the Government on the Russian Treaty. The Liberals have often threatened in the past and the Government still lives, but the impression is gaining ground that they have grown wise as to the unwisdom of Mr. Asquith's policy in supporting the Socialists. Mr. Lloyd George will have the pleasure of saying, "I told you so," and so far as the Liberal Party is concerned, it might just as well go to the polls on the Russian question as on any other political problem likely to arise in the near future. It has been noticeable during the past few days that Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George are no longer playing Box and Cox. They have been sitting side by side on the front Liberal bench, and have made a point of indulging in conversation such as would impress the distant observer with the remarkable affection which unites the two Liberal leaders.

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO

BY VERNON RENDALL

FOR three-quarters of a pound of tobacco 20s. was paid in the Stratford of Shakespeare's day, and then so rare a pleasure must have been a rite of conscious devotion. Now every man, many women, and some wicked children—all have got the weed, and no one thinks it necessary to celebrate so universal and commonplace a benefit. The poets for many years have left it unsung; it has been given over to the mob of modern gentlemen who write cleverly and uneasily. Perhaps the enjoyment of tobacco is spoilt by effort. The sense of well-being and relaxation it brings must not be associated with elaborate endeavour, certainly not with making black scratches on fair paper to fix and to spoil its evanescent charm. So it is that the greatest, who have toiled after tobacco as the lesser toil after adjectives, smoke and say nothing about it. Mr. Partington, in his admirable and far-reaching anthology,* is quite entitled to boast of the pertinacity of his labours, which have seen a dozen briars used up. In his book the reader will find some things familiar, others that he has read and forgotten, and much more that he has never seen or heard of. Mr. Partington has, of course, predecessors, little known but diligent collectors. Even the gaudy and banal world of advertisement has been softened into literature by tobacco, and Cope's 'Tobacco Plant' contains some good things. This and other sources are used with discrimination, and the Bibliography at the end shows research.

Poets smoke and say nothing about it—Tennyson once left Florence because he could not get there his usual tobacco—but the school of light verse is eloquent on the subject. Calverley, the master, is followed by J. K. S., a worthy disciple, and Calverley remains with Lamb at the head of the verse-masters of the fragrant fume:

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still, why deny its use,
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

Bacon, says a note, was "a worthy Cambridge tobaccoconist." Not so worthy, perhaps, as Prince Florizel; but capable of supplying a good rhyme, and invaluable mixtures which have long since faded into the limbo of fashionable and forgotten things. The cat

* 'Smoke Rings and Roundelays.' By W. Partington. Cattle. 7s. net.

killed by tobacco-juice impressed Mr. Pepys and the Royal Society, but he also saw a horse foundered with the staggers which recovered marvellously with tobacco blown in its nose. Tales against tobacco are legion, but the only practical guide we know to 'The Intellectual Life' tells us that its writer was more affected by tea and coffee than by smoking.

The Anthology has some neat things said in verse, such as Herman Melville's

Care is all stuff:—
Puff! Puff!
The puff is enough:—
Puff! Puff!

But the prose of the volume is a real addition, and the reminiscences of great and small are welcome. The heart goes out to the Sussex rustic who, in search of a holiday, sat on a mixen and smoked all day. One of the best anecdotes is that of Kingsley at Eversley. Suddenly saying, "I must smoke a pipe," he went to a furze bush, dug out a clay, smoked it solemnly, and replaced it in one of several *caches* of the sort he had about the parish. This is not generally believed; so it is as well to add that the incident belongs to the life of an Archbishop.

Two striking examples may be added to Mr. Partington's parade of men of letters. In that strange mixture called 'Biographia Literaria' Coleridge includes his travels to get subscriptions for his new periodical, 'The Watchman.' At Birmingham he dined with a party of tradesmen, and later was entreated to smoke, though he protested he had only tried herb tobacco once or twice:

On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow colour (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have always experienced in saying "No," and in abstaining from what the people about me are doing), I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bole with salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it.

He recovered, only to sink into a swoon:

And thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing,
deathly pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running
down from my forehead.

When he did feel all right, the touter for 'The Watchman' explained his doubts whether any Christian ought to read "either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest."

The most persistent smoker among modern men of letters was probably Mark Twain, of whom Howells writes:

He always went to bed with a cigar in his mouth, and sometimes, mindful of my fire insurance, I went up and took it away, still burning, after he had fallen asleep. I do not know how much a man may smoke and live, but apparently he smoked as much as a man could, for he smoked incessantly.

Such indulgence reminds one of the war, which made the cigarette into a nervous habit rather than a pleasure, or of the Ar gent Mr. Pickwick met in the Fleet Prison, who never left off smoking, even at his meals. Mr. Partington has recorded the surprise of Dickens at seeing American and smoking ladies at a Geneva hotel in 1846. Nowadays such a vision would be nothing "to write home about," as the vulgar put it. But women, I read the other day, never smoke at so serious an affair as a display of dresses. Dickens told Forster a striking instance of a pipe inseparable from its owner. He got up some sports, in which a man with a pipe in his mouth came in second for the hurdles, and explained that without it he would have been nowhere. Dickens, typical of the free and easy man of letters, wrote to Bulwer Lytton in 1865 from Gadshill, *Smoking regarded as a personal favour to the family*. Lytton figures in these pages with a eulogy of smoking which has become familiar. There is another as good in 'What Will He Do with It?' where Gentleman Waife, philosopher and vagabond, makes the comparison between women and tobacco which Kipling has put into verse:

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth clear,
But I have been priest of Partagas a matter of seven year.

The crisis does not arise nowadays, for probably she smokes, and, if she does not, Stevenson, put skilfully next to Kipling's verses, declares the perhaps golden rule "that no woman should marry a teetotaler, or a man who does not smoke."

It is possible at a pinch to smoke anything, just as the Highlander said that there was no such thing as bad whisky, but a confirmed smoker, confronted in Germany with a mixture made up of cigar-ends, had to refuse it after the first whiff, and to remember in condonation that Bismarck once in war-time met a man wandering when it was death to be caught, and let him off because he was in pursuit of tobacco. Of all authors who were smokeless Horace best deserved the solace of tobacco, and "Anon" has a pretty set of verses in his vein. "Mæcenās bids his friend to dine," and does not encourage the foolish moderns who insult decent wine with bad cigarettes. Mr. Partington does not include much of foreign origin. Balzac made his dilettante sculptor in 'La Cousine Bette' smoke, "like all the people who have vexations or energy to lull," and the terribly wise Vautrin told a young man on the point of suicide that "God has given us tobacco to lull our passions and our griefs." To Balzac we owe also the description of fine dreams of unaccomplished works as "enchanted cigars."

Baudelaire's verses on an author's pipe are given in a rendering by Mr. Squire. Another of merit was made by a learned don of Cambridge, who for a time tried the hookah. But the rose water was as distasteful as scented cigarettes, and the honest briar soon ousted these Oriental delights. If Byron found tobacco "divine" in a hookah, it was only an instance of his remarkable adaptability to foreign tastes. The briar pipe is still in certain places under a ban; but this is mainly a commercial hint that the management supply cigars and cigarettes. Millais, in the procession of Victoria's first jubilee, smoked a pipe in a carriage, daring rebuke as a great man may.

There are uses of tobacco not popular in this country, which have been enshrined in verse. Colonel Hay in his 'Pike County Ballads' presents a child of angelic age marvellously saved when a team of horses ran away. He was found in a shelter for little lambs:

And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me!"

Such chewing may be a gracious state, but it has its disadvantages. Dickens in a hotel at Washington complained that it was an interesting place, but hardly comfortable, adding, "If spittle could wait at table, we should be nobly attended." Once a company of expectorators was silently but effectively quelled. As each deposit appeared on the floor, an Englishman stepped forward, without a word, and marked it out with a circle of white chalk.

But it is idle to multiply old saws and modern instances. "I injy it: you injy talking about it," said an old gipsy to Watts-Dunton on Snowdon. Talk is needless when we are engaged with My Lady Nicotine. Tobacco is the one thing that leads the English pleasurably to contemplation, a virtue they otherwise seldom practise. We may turn instead with agreeable anticipations to the pages of Mr. Partington, or dream of those ideal selves that we never reach. In a haze of tobacco,

We grow in worth and wit and sense,
Unboding critic pen.

We care nothing for the thwacks of destiny.

Fuimus fumus, et omnia somnia.

[Next week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be our First Autumn Publishing Number.]

AN INNOCENT ABROAD

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

WE started from Imst, a small mountain town with a precipitous high street and innumerable pumps. We had arrived overnight and fed off roe's flesh and sweet red berries, such as we afterwards picked on the mountains and which are called *rausch-beeren*, intoxication berries. It was hot. We carried our jackets in our rucksacks, and when, after an hour's walk, we came to a lonely hotel, the *Linser Hof*, we were glad of half a litre of wine and a bathe in a splendidly cold pool. We furnished ourselves with a long loaf, half gutted and filled with butter. It felt like the field-marshal's baton in my rucksack. The climb was steady, but by a path so wide that a Lilliputian chariot and four could comfortably have driven up it. Not only was Franz at ease in his "superfine" cloth-topped boots, but Thomas had no difficulty in his bedroom slippers. I must, perhaps, explain why Thomas was walking up a mountain in bedroom slippers. Like myself, he had bought a full Tyrolean rig-out, but his shoes had failed him. After the short walk of the day before, he had decided to remain in Imst. We had not the money to afford two new pairs of shoes, and his own were left in Innsbruck. He had come in borrowed slippered ease to see us on our way. But we had already come far, and it distressed me a little. I was ashamed of my sturdy shoes and more of my pickaxe. I was like a man who should put on a life-belt to bathe in two feet of water.

At one o'clock we sat down to eat our loaf. From our feet, the mountain, bristled with pine trees, fell away steeply. Far below an invisible torrent noisily reminded us that we were thirsty. Across the valley another mountain rose magnificently, its top, above the pines, sudden, craggy and fierce. A stream, seeming motionless, striped its side. While we lazily examined what our fathers called "the prospect," a woolly, inoffensive cloud rolled over the opposite peak and down its side. Franz said "*Nichts gut*." We were anxious because Thomas must find his way back alone, easy enough at present but in a mist a ticklish job. But the cloud remained aloft, agitating about the summit as a clot of foam on a river in spate will catch and hang to a projecting rock. When we had finished our loaf and a pipe, and Franz had yodeled for our approval, Thomas took the broad way home while Franz and I made straight up the mountain. I was glad to be compelled to use my pickaxe, while Thomas still watched.

We came to a small clearing from which the craggy top of our mountain should have been visible, but it too was wrapped in a cloud, not, like its neighbours, a woolly, inoffensive cloud, but one that was deep blue-black. Franz naturally said "*Nichts gut*," and then explained that we had better make for a hut in the valley. There was a ravine a little along down which we could climb.

We came to the ravine. It was an enormous and ugly gash in the mountain side, a very cold grey in the steely light. We had hardly begun to negotiate the climb, when the storm broke. The lightning was at our elbow; the thunder close upon it; the rain and hail were so thick that we could see only a short distance below us. It was suddenly intensely cold, and in a minute we were as wet as if we had bathed. Franz said "*Schnell*." I did not see much purpose in being quick; we could get no wetter, but, being naturally docile, I was quick, too quick. I slipped and fell some twelve feet, down an almost vertical bank of loose stones which I vainly clasped by the handful. At the bottom I saw a small ledge: beyond that, nothing but the grey rain. I struck and stayed on the ledge, staring upwards. Down through mist came feet, legs, a body, and then an anxious face. I sat up delicately, bruised and bleeding at every joint, dangling my legs over infinity. I had smashed my watch, and

cut a neat slice in my new shoes. But my wounds were more glorious than deadly. A second and third fall, both rather rolls than falls, added to my shallow scars and tattered my shorts most nobly. After these I let Franz say "*Schnell*" to the winds.

In an hour and a half we were at the bottom. Franz had not broken his watch. I was pleased with myself; I was pleased with my bleeding hands and knees and elbows, my slashed shoes and torn clothes, above all with the bent point of my pickaxe. What a tale for my maiden aunts in England, for all my untravelled friends whose most difficult descent is from the top of an omnibus. I tell it, let me assure you, and show my scars and parade my battered armour. We had an hour's walk to the hut, splashing in water, our heads lowered before the sting of the hail. We were still six thousand feet above sea level.

The hut was a low, mud-built affair, approached through the cow yard. In the first room were the churns, and pans and great brass cauldrons full of milk. We passed through this into a smaller room, some nine feet by sixteen. Extending across one end was a wide shelf, heaped with straw and sacking. That, I gathered, was the bed. At the moment a wet dog played there with a damp cat, and on the edge of it sat three peasants. One of them was playing the guitar. At the opposite end of the hut was a smoky fire, beside which a fourth man sat at a rough table drinking milk out of a bowl. The smoke from the fire and from the peasants' pipes thickened the air. Damp clothing steamed. The hut window was only a square of dull amber. The rest was golden darkness, except where on a table edge, a face, a hand, the fire-light gleamed suddenly. No attention was paid to us, only, as we wrang out each pathetic portion of our clothes, the peasant lad, a wide-mouthed rough-haired urchin, who would have delighted Hals, laughed boisterously. Outside in the yard the cow-bells tinkled.

Cold and naked, we crouched over the fire. At last one of the peasants climbed slowly down, threw on a cloak and went out into the yard. He returned, stamping his feet and shaking the wet off. He ladled us each a bowl of milk, and cut a chunk of hard seed bread. We reassumed our stiff, half-dried clothes, drank a further bowl of milk, and all of us—the dog and cat included, I mean—lay down on the straw. There was a smell of cows and cow-like humanity. I soon realized that my forebodings were justified; but I was tired and, with nothing more than a perfunctory scratch, I fell asleep.

At a quarter to four I was awakened by the guitar. I, who have sung in my bath, bowed my head in spirit. We returned home through white mists, sometimes glimpsing a sun-crowned peak. We found Thomas sitting on a low wall in Imst, munching an apple. He was still in carpet slippers. I talked to him, I should say for an hour, telling him all and a great deal more than I have written here. At the end, he said, stupidly: "Last night I saw the goats come home, thousands of them, all with bells. It was at sunset." Some people will not realize how petty their experiences are in the great scale of things.

KING AND COMMONER

By IVOR BROWN

The Royal Visitor. Adapted from 'Le Roi.' By Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet. His Majesty's Theatre.

The Lonely Piper. By Ion Swinley. Special Performance by The Old Pauline Dramatic Society. Kingsway Theatre.

THE adaptation of French comedy is one of those activities in which a miss is as good as a mile and may be better. Hence it is rather like driving at golf; to be a fraction of an inch or of a second out is to send the ball a painful twenty yards instead of an agreeable two hundred. Missing altogether on the tee may be the extreme of humiliation, but those who

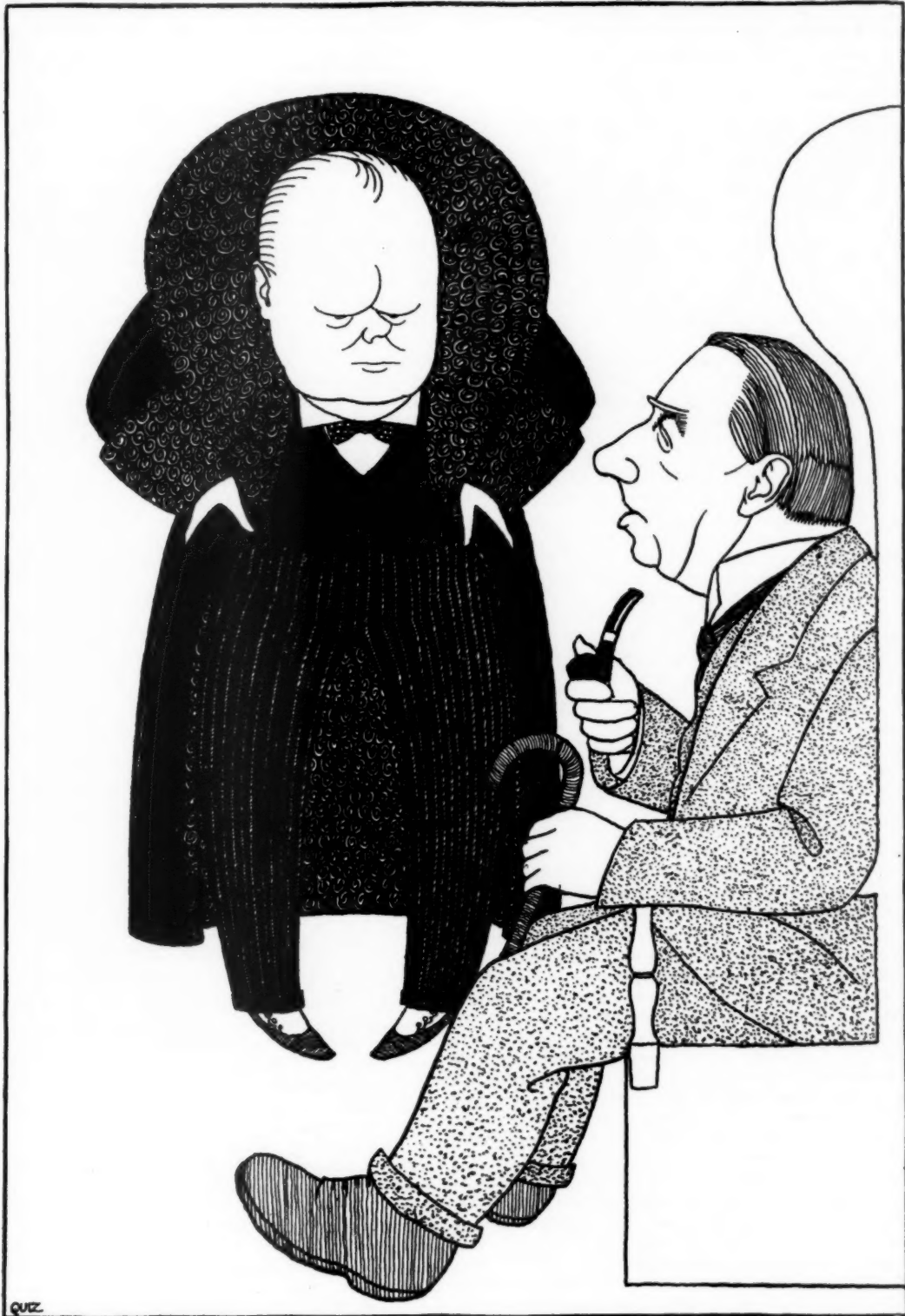
are more prudent than proud will recognize that an air-shot on the tee may stimulate the laughter of fools but guarantees a good lie for your second, whereas the legacy of the half-hit ball is the crackling of thorns under the niblick. So with the chosen plays of Paris; let us hit them clean, as Mr. Seymour Hicks can do, or give them a purposeful miss and turn out a purely Anglicized edition like those of Mr. Wimperis, in whose versions the boulevard does really become Piccadilly and English tailoring is a perfect fit. The fatal course is the middle course, naturalization papers being useless as a dramatic script, and the equivalent of the fozzled drive.

'Le Roi,' a boulevard success of the last generation, comes to us as an elderly and apologetic immigrant, brandishing its papers of naturalization and with all the dullness of the inoffensive. The original must have been, to English taste, offensive; rightly or wrongly we do not put easily recognizable personalities on the stage in grossly embarrassing situations. We do not put our pillars of state into petticoats to clown it coarsely in revues, and we imagine that royalties have a hard enough task to win any privacy without our setting dramatists to spy upon and record their escapades. Over-squeamish we may be, but we stick to our dislike of dramatized scandal and pilloried potentates. The personalities in 'Back to Methuselah' were unworthy of that work and did not enhance our opinion of Mr. Shaw's taste in facetiousness.

In 'Le Roi' an informed Parisian audience knew exactly the butt of the proceedings. In 'The Royal Visitor' the monarch who exchanges important commercial treaties for ladies' favours exists in no mind's eye. Kurdania is his realm and he is obviously first cousin to their majesties of Ruritania, Cadonia, and any other Balkanized cloud-cuckoo-land. In the matter of uniform he is on the side of Morris Angel; the blood royal of Wardour Street courses through his veins; his waltz-song he has unfortunately left on the shores of the blue Danube. In other words he is a considerable bore.

His task in this play is to be enamoured of the wife and mistress of a Socialist profiteer, who has won prosperity in pickles and a seat in the Chamber. In this M. Boudier one escapes from the Balkans into France and for a Frenchman, with royalist inclinations, the satire would have a point. The lout is accused of muddling the Muses and the Graces; he waives aside the aspersion that he is concerned with goddesses. "I am a free-thinker." This is the kind of fun that is perishable goods, unfit for Channel crossings. But he is more entertaining than the monarch for whose affections his households cater. Mr. Oscar Asche plays the part with ponderous emphasis, while Mr. Malcolm Keen is being monotonously amorous as the king. Between the two of them it is not impossible to yawn; but yawning is cut short by Miss Yvonne Arnaud as Boudier's little hussy of a wife. So brilliant is this assumption of mischief that it may almost be described as a tactical blunder on the part of the management to admit it. Miss Arnaud, acting French comedy with French verve, merely throws into stronger relief the slow march of the production and the stodginess of the English acting. Mr. George Grossmith is second best to Miss Arnaud; as a secret police-agent he has to cut such capers as are reminiscent of the Gaiety Theatre of yore. They are genuine capers, however, performed with the maximum of energy and the donning of grotesque wigs. If we cannot have one kind of fun we may as well have the other, and Mr. Grossmith supplies it with a generous devotion to tomfoolery.

As 'The Royal Visitor' is being entertained on a stage famous for its great open spaces and droves of Oriental live-stock, and as Mr. Oscar Asche has the production in hand, we may rely, if camels are barred, on a lavish mobilization of man-power. The cast is so long that it ties itself in knots round the gasping figure



Dramatis Personae. No 119

By 'Quiz'

BACK TO THE LAND

of the play, but since this means employment for many actors who would otherwise be climbing the cheerless stairs of agents' offices, it would be churlish to complain. But the staff-work of a pageant cannot be grafted into the staging of a touch-and-go comedy without loss of the speed and flick that alone can save such a piece. 'The Royal Visitor' is like sluggish, meandering water on which only Miss Arnaud spreads a sail to catch and keep the breeze of gaiety.

In an empty theatrical week the Sunday night performance of Mr. Swinley's play, 'The Lonely Piper,' was a feature of some interest. Mr. Swinley is an actor of repute with a passion at his command that can carry him finely through Elizabethan triumphs and torments, and it is always instructive to watch an actor's notion of a good play. One would imagine that so much acquaintance with the stage and its effects would create an almost infallible technique; but Mr. Swinley fails just where one would expect him to be strongest, his second act being so clumsily put together as to be almost droll. On the other hand he succeeds where nine out of ten dramatists fail; he really has something to say and is speaking his mind instead of concocting an entertainment with the old ingredients. His hero, Kenneth Davenant, is an author who has abandoned the telling of the truth to gratify his wife's ideas of success in letters. He churns out a best-seller called 'The Lady of the Lilies,' after he has been locked up in his study with a case of the best brandy. This tribute to the powers of alcohol and conjugal devotion does not convince me; best-sellers spring only from those who have the best-seller mind, and I refuse to believe that Davenant would have made anything but a hopeless hash of his bid for popularity. However, Mr. Swinley carries him on to tenth and fifteenth editions. But Davenant will do no more; wife and publisher may coax but he will pipe in future to no bidding but his own.

The result is separation, poverty, drink, and ruin. Two other women take him in hand, but Mr. Swinley is none of your suave romantics who believe that a motherly mistress is the infallible remedy for heart-ache. When Davenant learns the final irony, namely, that his despised, unpopular pipings have caught the public's profitable ear, he is too far gone to do anything but laugh over his cups. In the average play Davenant would dash the cup from his lips and return to play the lion in London. Mr. Swinley thinks otherwise and thinks honestly.

The case is fairly stated, for Davenant is no model young victim of a merciless world. He is a prickly type of prig as well as an idealist and one can sympathize with his stiff little wife who is weary of financing an egoist who is also a failure; her point of view counts for something in the dramatic conflict and Davenant's claim upon our sympathy is handicapped by our distrust of his rigidity. Mr. Swinley has achieved some shades in his study of the issue instead of drawing harshly in black and white and the play would have been stronger if the wife's part had been played with a firmer, more compassionate touch.

But it must be said on behalf of the actresses concerned that Mr. Swinley has written better parts for his own sex and a very good one for himself, in which he can give a most distinguished performance. His Davenant is a mordant, railing fellow and takes to misanthropy as to harsh manners born. This play may get no further; it has no popular smack and the action trails as life trails instead of being compounded into tight, theatrical scenes. Naturally then it is the right kind of piece to snatch existence for a single evening, and the Old Pauline Dramatic Society, by producing it, places itself creditably among the Sunday night clubs. To say that no part can be too small for Miss Hermione Baddeley may sound insulting, but is intended for compliment. Appearing in one scene only and with nothing particular to do, she was able to turn a trifle to a thunderbolt.

Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

CONSERVATIVE POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Although a Free Trader by conviction, I quite agree that since Labour is now protected by the legislature in every possible way—protected against illness, protected against accidents, protected against unemployment, and, in many cases, protected by Wages Boards against the pressure of economic laws—it is only logical that the industries which provide British workmen with work and wages should, in their turn, be protected against the fierce competition of goods produced by sweated labour abroad. Having decided to protect Labour you cannot logically refuse to protect the industries producing the goods by the sale of which funds are provided for the payment of wages.

With the best intentions we have deliberately destroyed freedom of production and freedom of exchange cannot long survive. This is to say that whatever political party is in power, Tariff Reform is, under the existing regime of Government interference, bound to come sooner or later. What, however, cannot come, or if it comes cannot continue, is partial protection; yet this is what certain Conservative leaders are aiming at. Is it conceivable that the farmers, who have lately had placed upon their necks the heavy burden of the Wages Act, should consent to pay more for the machinery, the implements and the artificial manures which they need at the very moment when the Conservative Party has definitely announced that wheat and meat are not to be subject to a tariff?

I am loath to offend headquarters by asking these questions, but these are the questions which will, most assuredly, be asked when we mount the platforms at the approaching General Election.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

THE STAGE DISPUTE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent, a theatrical manager, asks, "What is the dispute between the Actors' Association and the Stage Guild?" Will you permit the courtesy of a rejoinder from the point of view of the Actors' Association, whose Council have asked me temporarily to undertake their Press work in connexion with the dispute?

Your readers will probably be aware that since the re-constitution of the Association in 1919, this representative union of British actors has sought to apply certain extremely temperate minimum conditions of employment to the acting profession. These include the chief points of the Actors' Association Standard Contract, which forms the whole matter in dispute, and are:

1. A minimum wage of £3 per week for actors (with 50s. for chorus on tour).
2. A short guaranteed period of engagement.
3. The provision of clothes by the management.
4. A fair guarantee of continuity of employment (that is, the Manager should not have the right to more than one week "out" in ten under the "No play, no pay" clause).

There are other minor conditions which for reasons of space I will not discuss. The Association of Touring Managers, after whittling down the actors'

demands, accepted finally a joint contract, but this was never enforced throughout provincial theatres, and was eventually disowned by the managerial side. The Actors' Association, by peaceable methods, tried to get this contract generally adopted with a view to driving out bogus and unscrupulous managers. The co-operation of the Association of Touring Managers was sought on a basis of mutually exclusive recognition, but this was turned down. The Association was therefore driven back on the position that it must either entirely cease its efforts to reduce the basic economics of the profession from chaos to relative order and go out of business, or it must form alliances in order to continue the work begun in 1919.

Reluctantly the A.A. joined forces with the other two unions of the legitimate theatre, the National Association of Theatrical Employees, and the Musicians' Union, to enforce a complete unionization of the theatre as a preliminary step to obtaining general adherence to the standard contract minima. Perhaps the Association of Touring Managers prefers chaos so that a "free labour market" of artists may be always to hand, but the actors of this country have a rather different view of the dignity and destiny of their craft. The Association believe the Stage Guild has come into existence owing to the failure of a minority of the profession to understand these basic conditions of organization, and also as a result of the demands of the managerial side, to have, if not to use, their power of exploiting artists at their will and pleasure.

We quite agree with your correspondent that so long as players, regardless of their social or financial position, work hard for their art and for the theatrical industry, they fully justify their position on the stage; but the Association also feel that unless a minimum wage is paid to every artist working in the theatre, a premium is put on the employment of the economically fortunate, at the expense of the artistically talented.

I am, etc.,

H. R. BARBOR

*The Actors' Association,
79 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2*

SOCRATES ON THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Being away, I have only just seen the SATURDAY REVIEW of September 20. In my notice of Prof. Burnet's edition of the 'Apology' of Plato and two other dialogues there is a slip. I wrote, or meant to write—on a very rickety table—"who" in the sixth line of page 290, where "and" is printed. The slip makes the professor liable for Church's overstatement. It is the latter who in his translation makes "things said" into matters of "common belief." In his hopes of a future life worth considering Socrates was beyond Athenian opinion.

I am, etc.,

VERNON RENDALL

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY (32a George Street, Hanover Square). Paintings by Ivan W. Brooks. Until October 22.

LEICESTER GALLERIES (Leicester Square, W.C.2). Memorial Exhibition of Paintings and Water-colours by T. Austen Brown. Recent Paintings by Lucien Pissarro. Sculpture and other works by Eric H. Kennington.

INDEPENDENT GALLERY (7a Grafton Street, W.1). Water-colours of Venice and the Lido by Frank Dobson. Until October 26.

MUSIC

WIGMORE HALL (Wigmore Street, W.1). Violoncello Recital by Sisserman. Thursday, October 9, at 8.15.

THEATRES

NEW THEATRE (St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2). Special Matinée Performance of 'Trojan Women' given by Miss Sybil Thorndike in aid of the Appeal of the Four Women's Colleges in Oxford. On Friday, October 10, at 2.30 p.m.

SEAFOORD HOUSE. First Studio Theatre's Performance. Sunday, October 5.

BRISTOL REPERTORY THEATRE (Bristol). Season starts on Monday, October 6

Reviews

MR. GOSSE ON CONGREVE

Life of William Congreve. By Edmund Gosse. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THE reappearance of Mr. Gosse's biography of Congreve is opportune, if only to remind us how much research there remains to be done before any adequate 'Life' of that elusive genius can be compiled. Now that Mr. Montague Summers has presented us with his scholarly reprint of the 'Works,' the need is all the more crying that we should know something of the life of the man who wrote them. Mr. Gosse's 'Life,' which first appeared in 1888, adds little to the meagre details already known; indeed, the book is rather an examination of Congreve's contribution to the Comedy of Manners than a life of the dramatist himself. It could not well be otherwise, since we know so little; and Mr. Gosse would be the very first to welcome the appearance of those unpublished memoirs and letters of the theatrical life of the early eighteenth century that, somewhere up and down the country, await our examination. Until they appear, to throw a light across that dark stretch of the thirty last years of Congreve's life, we must be grateful to Mr. Gosse for this short but excellent biography.

It is surely the oddest of all literary enigmas that the man who could, at one time or another during his long life, claim acquaintance or even friendship with most of the interesting people of his age, who was himself the acknowledged master-dramatist of his day, should be no more to us after these two inquisitive centuries than the dim figure he is. The famous Keally correspondence does not tell us much, and even Swift's 'Journal to Stella' contains little that is illuminating—a concern for the cataracts that are growing over Mr. Congreve's eyes, a peevish complaint that "Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn" and a note to the effect that

he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe by mentioning the gout.

For the rest, we must be content as yet to sketch in the outlines of our portrait from what authoritative information we have concerning those seven crowded years that saw the publication and performance of his three comedies and single tragedy. Our imagination must fill in the details and (since imagination is the father of legends) we must take what consolation we can from the vague stories of the birth of 'The Old Bachelor' in a Berkshire garden while Congreve was still only nineteen, and from the crude story of the Duchess of Marlborough, who, after Congreve's death, had a waxen statue made in the likeness of her friend, that nodded mechanically when she spoke to it at table and had a physician to attend its gouty feet.

Of all these things Mr. Gosse has been the faithful and judicious scribe; but we must be allowed to pick a bone with him over the attitude he adopts in describing their setting. Of the Comedy of Manners he writes: "The English failed to take the highest place precisely through their timid adherence to the rules of composition."

If Congreve could have been forced out into a wider life, persuaded to disregard the restrictions of artificial comedy, obliged to draw men as and where he saw them, if, in other words, he could have written in a more English fashion, there is no apparent reason why he might not now stand close by the shoulder of Molière.

Now if Congreve stands, in the long ranks of the dramatists, anywhere close to Molière, he surely stands there, as Lamb obliquely implied, by virtue of those very restrictions that Mr. Gosse condemns. Congreve's is art for art's own sake, if ever that were

possible. He dangles his puppets before us and, in the clear, dry light of his reason, they shine there, creatures devoid of hearts and obedient to no poetry of circumstance. 'The Old Bachelor,' written in those youthful rural years before its author had had time more than to sip the honey of life, yet itself so miraculously sure, seems to us an almost perfect vindication of Congreve's method. Mr. Gosse, it appears, likes to think that the author of 'The Old Bachelor' might, under a careful tutor, have been the Shaw of the early eighteenth century; but those letters and memoirs have yet to be found that would convince us he was ever a sentimentalist. 'The Mourning Bride' might not have been quite the dull ranting stuff it is if he had tended that way.

THE LOST WORLD OF DICKENS

The Dickens Encyclopædia. By Arthur L. Hayward. Routledge. 15s. net.

SOME years since Messrs. Routledge published a 'Dickens Dictionary' which was rather careless in detail. This encyclopædia is of better quality, being precise in its references to characters and laudably accurate in detail. The characters and places of Dickens have already been abundantly identified. What we value more are the notes, which recall the forgotten ways and manners of the past. One evening at Mr. Thrale's, Johnson remarked that "all works which describe manners require notes in sixty or seventy years, or less." This is eminently so with an observer so acute as Dickens, who knew the London of the common people as few men have done in his day or since. Mr. Hayward tells us about the extinct piemen of the streets, who were mostly out-of-work bakers; the "harmonic meeting," which led to the music-hall; the surtout, an ancestor of the frock coat; the wafers which were superseded by envelopes, and a dozen other relics of early Victorian life. He has not referred to the cheapness which made oysters a popular food, or the cost of postage before the 40's. Sometimes an early spelling not now reproduced is significant, as in "tomata sauce." Dickens regretted that in the trial of 'Pickwick' he had missed making the point that the tomato, then not so familiar as now, was known as the "love apple." A number of old songs are identified, but not the romance of bold Turpin, which Dickens took from Horace Smith of the 'Rejected Addresses.' Mr. Hayward has got four people of the name of Martin in 'Pickwick.' There are, as a matter of fact, five, including the tall gamekeeper in Chapter 19. Daniel Lambert lends a phrase, the "infant Lambert," to describe the fat boy in Chapter 7.

The illustrations are good and to the point. It is funny to know that the unconscious and solemn Forster stood for Mr. Podsnap. We think that the morbid Miss Havisham, who seems a mere fiction of melodrama, was taken from real life. But the game of finding prototypes has been pushed to a tedious point, and shows Dickens sometimes on his least agreeable side. Mr. Hayward's book will tell the average reader enough, and a great deal that he does not know. It even corrects Dickens in his view of the houses in Oxford Street.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Memories and Adventures. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE would probably be the first to protest against any effort to maintain that he was the greatest English writer of fiction in a generation which included Stevenson, Mr. Kipling, and Sir James Barrie. He defines the three essentials of imaginative writing as follows: "The first requisite is to be intelligible. The second is to be interesting.

The third is to be clever." His conspicuous success in the first two respects is as notable in the characteristic autobiography which he has just published as in the crowd of volumes under his name that occupy a shelf of respectable length in our libraries. But in one important matter Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has impressed his mark on modern literature more deeply than any novelist of his time. By the invention of Sherlock Holmes he has added to literary talk and criticism a current counter which may well outlast the names of Mulvaney and Peter Pan and Alan Breck.

Sherlock Holmes is likely to represent the detective in his quiddity and essence as long as Leatherstocking will stand for the trapper and Dugald Dalgetty for the soldier of fortune and Jorrocks for the fox-hunter. This in itself is an achievement of no small merit, and many readers of 'Memories and Adventures' will turn most eagerly to the pages which describe the genesis of that popular hero. After Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had found that his vocation lay rather in the asphodel meadows of fiction than along the arid sands of the general practitioner, he determined to get his name "on the back of a volume," and his youthful affection for Gaboriau's M. Lecoq and Poe's M. Dupin inclined him to place a similar figure on the pedestal then vacant in our literature. "But could I bring an addition of my own? I thought of my old teacher Joe Bell, of his eagle face, of his curious ways, of his eerie trick of spotting details. If he were a detective he would surely reduce this fascinating but unorganized business to something nearer to an exact science." Hence Sherlock Holmes burst upon an unappreciative world in the 'Study in Scarlet,' which appeared as 'Beeton's Christmas Annual' for 1887, and for which the author's whole payment was £25—considerably less than Milton got for 'Paradise Lost,' in view of the diminished purchasing power of money. It was only when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle introduced Sherlock Holmes to the uncounted readers of the new *Strand Magazine*, in that series of short stories linked by a central character which was his brilliant substitute for the old-fashioned serial, that the great detective obtained that immense popularity which led one lady to write the author a letter beginning "You Brute" when he too rashly tried to kill his hero.

Although the creation of this outstanding character is likely to prove Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's most enduring title to fame, his autobiography takes us behind the scenes of a long and energetic life in which this achievement was a mere incident. The early chapters are perhaps the best, giving as they do a very human and touching narrative of the early struggles of a vigorous personality embarked upon an ungenial career. Next to them we should place the account of the author's experiences as a temporary Medical Officer in the South African War, and of the inspiration which led him to write and distribute the admirable pamphlet in which he did so much to inform Continental opinion as to the causes and conduct of that struggle—perhaps his most useful contribution to those Imperial aims which have always lain so near his heart. The author's sporting recollections are most amusing and we are glad that he has put on permanent record the feelings of the artistic cricketer who complained that he could not play against "a man who bowls in a crude pink shirt against an olive-green background."

A typical bluff and burly Englishman in his defects as well as in his qualities, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has never troubled himself very much about harmonizing with his backgrounds. For this reason we regret that he has not gone more at length into the psychic questions which have been, as he tells us, far the most important thing in his life. The remarkable statement of supernatural experiences briefly given in the last chapter would have borne a fuller development in a book which is likely to find many more readers than the volume which the author has specially devoted to these subjects. As it is, they are an interesting

summary of what a man of so much strong common sense and so wide an experience of life can devoutly believe to have happened, and of the message of hope and cheerfulness which he derives from such phenomena as he records.

W. E. GARRETT FISHER

"AN M.F.H. WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR"

The Passing Years. By Richard Greville Verney, Lord Willoughby de Broke. Constable. 21s. net.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, who died last November, was a remarkable personality. He may be said to have stood for a type of English gentleman, that combination of landowner, sportsman, and politician, which is now becoming as rare as it once was rife. Greatness he neither achieved nor aspired to; but he was in his day a well-known figure. His earlier years were almost entirely devoted to hunting, although as a young man he successfully contested the Rugby division of Warwickshire in the Conservative interest; but as he grew older politics and sociological activities occupied an increasing portion of his time. If his political utterances approximated in method too nearly to the ethics of the hunting field they were none the less the fruit of deep conviction; but it was characteristic of him that he never made a speech in the House of Lords without some reference to fox-hunting.

This book, upon the writing of which he was engaged when death overtook him, is inspired at once by the liveliest humour and a deep sincerity. As a picture of country life and political reactions in the prosperous days of the late nineteenth century and the first few years of the twentieth it is true and vivid; and like an earlier book of his, 'Hunting the Fox,' it is written in a style that is consistently good and eminently readable. Lord Willoughby was of course born and bred to foxhunting, and when he followed his father as Master of the Warwickshire Hounds he was able to gratify his ambition to carry the horn. He never, it will be generally admitted, rivalled his father, the eighteenth baron, whom he succeeded in 1902, as a huntsman; but as a hound man he came very near to so doing, and during the time he was Master the Warwickshire Hounds took some beating both on the flags and in the field. In those early days he hunted his own pack twice a week, while Jack Brown, the professional huntsman, hunted his pack on the other three days. Lord Willoughby tells, in this connexion, the following story:

Soon after I began the conceit was properly knocked out of me by a young stranger. Brown had been showing wonderful sport with his own pack and had made a great reputation. The young stranger had come all the way to Warwickshire to see Brown hunting the hounds. Unfortunately he hit on a day when I was hunting my own pack. At the first check the stranger rode into the middle of them, and I am told that I rebuked him in a manner not unworthy of my ancestors. The young stranger went home and told his friends that Brown was a grossly over-rated man; he was not only a poor performer, but the way in which he spoke to the gentlemen was a positive scandal.

It is scarcely necessary to add that such a story, at any rate regarding his skill as a huntsman, could not a few years later have been told against him.

Eton and Oxford days he deals with at some length, and he goes fully into the rather painful field of politics before and during the Die-hard campaign, when he was indefatigable as one of the leading "ditchers" in the House of Lords. The passing of the Parliament Bill and the routing of the Peers in 1911 nearly broke his heart, for in politics as in sport his whole soul was engaged, and political faith and feeling ran in those days too high for indifference. Lord Willoughby will long be remembered as an ardent Tory, and a passionate advocate of that old order of things the passing of which he reveals in these pages, and to the dignity and vitality of which he so signally contributed.

A POET TRAVELS

Sunward. By Louis Golding. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

AT the end of this book of travel sketches the reader subsides breathless, as if instead of accompanying Mr. Golding on foot and by train from the Alps through Italy, he had by some curious impulsion swum the entire journey and been deposited by the rush of waves upon a tranquil shore. What a vocabulary! Here indeed is a rush and riot of fantastic images, a consummate style. Whatever he means to say—for often enough you cannot be sure of his meaning—and however he says it, has at its best a music, a sonorous music, a rhythmic felicity, almost unexampled in living writers. "How little we knew Verona who knew her bright self only, for there was mist beyond the city and we saw not then how her mountains relate her pageant of many-coloured glass to the white radiance of their own eternity." Shelley himself would admire that, but perhaps only Maurice Hewlett would care for the conclusion of the quotation. "Without her incomparable background of Alps, the half herself is she . . . yet the tithe of her worth how many other cities a hundredfold!" Whether the meaning always warrants such rich clothing, such orchestral response to slight urgencies, it would be ungracious to press. 'Sunward' would be useless to intending travellers, for you never know where you are with Mr. Golding. You may imagine you are in Bologna, but you are not—you are in Padua. How you escape from Padua cannot be discovered, but shortly you are in Venice. When you reach that city you are afflicted with a revelation of what took place on Mr. Golding's previous visit, something about a cement barge, and at the conclusion of that you are—hey presto!—bound for Ferrara. You cannot keep him in place anywhere. In the train from Munich he describes an episode that took place in Salonica. No sooner have we dragged him back into the carriage again than away he leaps to Gergenti. At Desenzano we are scooped off to Aldershot. From Verona he jumps to Danubian Linz, and then by some cataleptic gymnastics to Arles, after which, by devilry or whatnot, we are back again in Verona via Naples, Catania and Paris. His arrival in any place is a signal for Mr. Golding to describe something utterly other.

However, although an indifferent guide he is a charming companion and takes his travel with the authentic gusto. At Majori he had a most precious moment, listening to the bells of the monastery:

"Come in!" they rang; "this way!" they rang. "Go on further! Here are the green pastures and the cup brimming over. Lay aside sorrow. Forswear the false joys. Here are the true joys which are Christ's sorrows. Go no further, wanderer. Here is the sheepfold. Here the lamp burneth continually, and the continual lamp of flowers. Join with us in the morning's adoration, and the noon's, and the adoration of dusk and midnight. All roads lead from hence and return hither. Nay, nay, nay, goest thou? Even to the altars we have overthrown? To the place of the abominations? Where yet the impious odour of their sacrifice clogs the air and men impute it to the exhalation of the marshes and the pestilence? Even upon this day of His rising again, shall not the blood from His wounds cease flowing? For thy sake shed, and by thee shed, and thou goest thither, and thou wilt not be stayed? And always in thy scrip shalt thou bear the nails and always in thy hand the lance?"

But on he goes chortling and gambolling to Sicily, where he wanted to kneel down to a volcano and worship "the awful image, soaring out of his groves and woods to those purest airs where his snows were folded about him. Higher and higher than these to the swart plume that stood poised over him, like his own thought manifest, pondering calamity."

It is a highly tinted book, full of what Lewis Carroll called reeling and writhing. There are two Greek quotations on the half title, French, German, Italian, and Latin quotations taunt you in every chapter, yet Mr. Golding misquotes T. E. Brown—a fearful sin in a poet—and on page 169 renders unto Helen a gesture that is due to Psyche.

A. E. COPPARD

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

Pipers and a Dancer. By Stella Benson. Macmillan. 6s. net.

Tents of Israel. By G. B. Stern. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

Sails of Sunset. By Cecil Roberts. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

Shopmates. By Stacey W. Hyde. Labour Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.

MISS BENSON has turned from fairyland to China, and her art has lost nothing by the change. Not that she is as consistently witty in her new book as in her earlier ones: indeed, here and there she comes under the suspicion of being merely bright: and a gulf yawns between brightness and brilliance:

Americans see English people always reduced to dumbness on a first introduction; they must think us an oddly inarticulate race. However, I suppose they remember William Shakespeare and Ethel M. Dell and hope for the best.

That is the sort of pitfall to which Miss Benson's method tempts her and sometimes betrays her; but often, on the other hand, her jests are illuminating; and her serious understanding and interpretation of character have never before been so profound. Her heroine, oddly called Ipsie, is going out to China to marry Jacob Heming, whom she does not love. On the voyage she makes friends with a pleasant American, who is to relieve Jacob of his post at Yueh Lai Chou. At Hongkong she is met by Pauline, Jacob's sister, who addresses her as "dearest" and "little witty one," and a vacuous Captain Norman, who kisses her. The American goes ahead to Yueh Lai Chou, and finds Jacob in that most desperate of miseries—the misery of deserved unpopularity.

Almost every one Jacob had ever met haunted him cruelly. His mind was an incessant tangle of "He ought to have known . . . What did she take me for? . . . 'Tisn't as if I . . . A man of my standing . . . Speaking as if I was his servant . . . I simply said to him, perfectly reasonably . . ." All the world, it seemed to Heming, spoke to him and had spoken to him always in an insulting voice. And through the thunders of these changing remembered voices he could always hear his own voice replying reasonably, gently, never insisting on anything but bare rights.

Such portraits would be diabolical if one did not feel sympathy shining as it were through them: they are Miss Benson's speciality. With Ipsie herself I think she is less successful. We are told a lot about the Showman in Ipsie who prompts her to present herself as other than she is. But one gets tired of this perpetual analysis of insincerity in modern fiction. Insincerity is treated as if it were a new and appalling discovery. But it is just as much an essential part of human nature as are greed and envy, or for that matter unselfishness and generosity, or heads and bodies. Everybody (save, perhaps, for a few people who are either exceptionally good or exceptionally stupid or, more probably, both) has his or her Showman. And is the desire to appear nobler, braver, kinder than, alas, one is, altogether a base one? We needs must ape the highest when we see it. Even the desire to seem interesting argues a recognition of the fact that one is not interesting, and that is surely next door to the great virtue of humility. And anyway—who is to draw the line between the Showman and the self? He makes Ipsie say so-and-so. Ipsie did not "mean" it—but *Ipsie dixit*. The strange clue to her strange character, by the way, is that she can never love any man as well as she loves the memory of her dead brother.

Miss Benson writes well, sometimes exquisitely. I cannot leave her book without commending the almost startling beauty of its natural descriptions.

Miss Stern is another writer of extraordinary promise. I never open a book of hers without a

pleasant and even exciting anticipation. In 'Tents of Israel' she has come on, but has not yet come off. The conception is grand, but in the working out there is too much artificial simplicity—too much attribution to individuals of sentiments which no individual could utter, in order to label and emphasize a part in the plot. The book tells of a huge family, over several generations; and it simply hasn't room for it. Miss Stern assures us in a preface that if we are "bored and bewildered" (as I am) by "the intricate relationships of a large family," that need not "in the very slightest" upset our understanding of the story. Her assurance is hardly made good. Two characters do, however, indubitably stand out, dominating the reader's attention as they dominate the family councils: one of them is Anastasia Rakonitz, born in 1835; the other is her granddaughter Toni, born in 1894. The former is known as the Matriarch, and the influence she exercises over her brothers, sons, daughters and grandchildren is like that of a jovial vampire, if you can imagine a vampire vested with the rights of an empress. She is a triumph of characterization: one feels her immense vitality. One grandson stands aside, derisive, and does what he pleases; but then he is not really a grandson; he has not a drop of Rakonitz blood in his veins; he is only the illegitimate son of a man who absent-mindedly married a Rakonitz; and anyway he is one of those cads who are supposed to be charming but have in practice the dreariness of complete irresponsibility. He "loves" Toni, but, just after they have achieved the happy excitement of arranging their marriage, she does something which reminds him of the Matriarch and so he concludes he will not marry her after all. Not that Toni's own motives or actions are always more credible than that; and even Val, the artist, a comparatively ordinary person, is capable of talking to a cousin about "the same old sour sick story of ready-made conduct." Judged as a *tour-de-force*, 'Tents of Israel' is magnificent; but it is scarcely a great novel.

In 'Sails of Sunset,' Mr. Cecil Roberts has dared to choose a familiar theme and trust to the gusto of his presentment. A young Englishman, handsome, "well-connected," dangerously attractive, takes holiday near Venice: there is a girl, dangerously attractive, beautiful, and connected well enough, for she has a father who has been master of the fishing fleet of Chioggia and wants her to marry his successor in that onerous post. There are two possible results: the young Englishman will love and leave, carrying back a memory of gold to warm him during long years of respectability; or he will love and marry. I will not say which path Mr. Roberts chooses; he writes sufficiently well to make you anxious, if you like that sort of thing, to find out for yourself.

It is impossible to read 'Shopmates' without a sense of wonder that a life so rich in interest as this of the artisan should have furnished material for so little fiction. Studies of extreme and unbroken poverty, tales of the meanest streets, we have in considerable numbers; dukes and duchesses abound for the novel-reader; perhaps, in the ordinary contemporary novel as in the masterpieces of the past, the largest space is occupied by the middle class. But the men who toil in the engineering "shop"—they and their like, numerous as they are in the community, are rare between the covers of books. Mr. Hyde therefore starts with an advantage: he has something to describe which to many of his readers will have at least the allurements of novelty: but that advantage would not serve him if he had not the story-teller's native gift. He has the gift. He can, in a quiet unpretentious way, make vivid the emotions and acts of his characters. He writes of tragedy without defacing it by over-writing; his humour, though sometimes crude, is never forced; he can analyse with sympathy the sort of personality called "unsympathetic." Certainly there are traces of amateurishness in his work, but they do not detract from its promise.

Motoring TESTS FOR DRIVERS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

APPPLICANTS for motor-driving licences in the State of New York will have to submit to driving tests at the discretion of the State's inspectors under a new law that came into operation last Wednesday, October 1. Previously, a law existed which made a road test necessary for applicants seeking licences in New York City, but in the rural areas of that State they needed only to answer certain routine questions. In the past a licence was then automatically granted, whether the person applying for it was an experienced driver or not. Under the new law, those already holding driving licences will not be required to undergo the test, but all new applicants will have to satisfy the inspectors if they have driven less than 3,000 miles, or if their driving experience is less than five or six months. This raises the old question of whether motorists in the United Kingdom will, in the future, have to pass certain tests before driving licences are issued to them. As our own laws stand at the moment, any person, however unfit physically, can obtain a licence to drive a motor car, provided he has reached the age of seventeen years, while any person over the age of fourteen may obtain a licence to drive a motor cycle.

* * *

In the United States of America the questions put to candidates applying for permission to pilot motor vehicles on the highways include items that apply to their personal and physical fitness: eyesight, nerves, and whether they are in the habit of drinking intoxicants. The applicant, having filled in replies to such questions on the form provided and further stated whether he has been arrested for offences against the traffic laws, is then summoned, if the inspector thinks fit or deems it necessary, to meet him and prove his driving ability by a road test. That is the new law for New York State. Under the existing one for New York City, all applicants for licences have to pass a road test, irrespective of experience, as well as answer questions similar to those demanded by the State authorities. Advocates of such tests being applied to British motorists will be interested to learn that the road test is somewhat similar to that to which our countrymen already submit when wishing to take their cars over to the Continent and obtain their triptyque papers. This test usually occupies only a few minutes, in which the driver is asked by the Royal Automobile Club's or Automobile Association's official to take the car round the nearest London square, make a few turns, reverse it round a corner, or park it alongside a kerb and then bring the official back to his office.

* * *

In New York State the driver is also asked to show his knowledge of the police regulations, but there is no test to prove that the applicant for a driving licence has any knowledge of the mechanical details, or whether he or she has that desirable quality called "road sense." In other States of America conditions vary in regard to the issue of motor licences, and some of them demand that the applicant should submit himself to a written examination on technical details; but in such States a learner's licence is issued permitting the would-be motorist to go with an instructor and drive the car during the course of instruction. This solves the problem of how to learn to drive before a full licence is granted and is a point that should be considered by those people in this country who are advocating that road tests should be given to applicants before granting a licence here. In the United Kingdom, any person over the age of seventeen, upon filling in a form and paying five shillings to the local authority, can obtain a driving licence, whether he is halt, lame, or blind. Approximately some three million licences have been issued for driving mechanically-

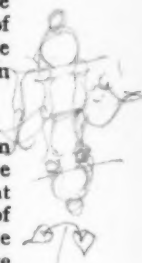
propelled vehicles in this country, and each year some sixty or seventy thousand new applicants are granted licences. The question thus arises whether new motorists should submit to a driving test before the licence is granted. Expense and the large number of officials required to conduct such tests has been the chief reason for such a course not having been taken in the past.



Conditions vary so much in different districts that in any short test of driving ability it is difficult to prove that the would-be licence-holder has a proper judgment of speed and distance and a knowledge of the rules of the road. It is these attributes that make the difference between a good and a bad driver; so that while there may be, at the present moment, some demand that driving tests should be imposed on all motorists, it is difficult to obtain proof from applicants that they can successfully meet any difficulty that may occur while they are in charge of a motor car. The British nation has long been credited with possessing the quality of common sense, and it is that quality which has saved this country from having a larger amount of accidents on the road than might otherwise have been the case. Notwithstanding the driving tests in America, the proportion of collisions and catastrophes is far greater than in our own country, so that a strong argument exists that, in the matter of licensing, the present system should remain unaltered. There have always been black sheep in every fold, and it is perfectly possible that a person who could pass all the necessary tests would not be a considerate driver.

* * *

Safe driving is only another term for careful driving, which in itself entails due courtesy on the part of the motorist to all other users of the highways. The "Safety First" Association has for a long period endeavoured to instruct and encourage all road users to be courteous and considerate in their actions, whether crossing a road or passing along it. The pedestrian in France and in the United States of America is considered more in the light of a trespasser on the road than a person who has equal rights with the vehicle-using population. In this country the position is entirely reversed—the pedestrian has to be more considered than the faster traffic. In New York State and in New York City the police act on the



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theory that a large proportion of the accidents are due to the pedestrian and not to unskilled driving. In New York they are conducting a special campaign against those who cross streets midway between the recognized crossings and otherwise take unnecessary risks. In London our able body of Metropolitan Police are also endeavouring to persuade the public that uses the pavements to cross the streets only at places where island refuges exist, or where they themselves are on point duty regulating the traffic.

Viscount Curzon, M.P., is strongly of opinion that all cases of offences against the regulations affecting traffic should be brought before traffic courts specially constituted of experts competent to deal with the subject. This would be analogous to the methods followed at sea. Any offence against maritime laws within territorial waters is considered by a maritime court of nautical assessors, who have the expert knowledge which enables them to deal properly with the case. Most people are aware that speed in itself does not constitute danger. Motorists usually are brought before the authorities for going too fast in the wrong place; accidents may occur when driving five miles an hour in a crowded thoroughfare more easily than at forty miles an hour on an open moorland road. It was only a few years ago that one of the officials of the Manchester Motor Licensing Authority stated that "if the average pedestrian was as careful as the average motorist, accidents would be reduced by two-thirds." The present Motor Car Act was passed in 1903 and is expected to be amended by coming legislation. Undoubtedly it is out of date in many of its details, but, whatever legislation may be brought forward for its amendment, it is to be hoped that Parliament will not be led to pass an Act which is due to the present outcry against accidents without thoroughly considering that the motorist is not the only sinner on the road.

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are those standardised on the Sunbeam models. No manufacturers have had greater experience than ourselves in regard to this method of braking.

The Sunbeam cars which finished First, Second and Fourth in the 1923 Grand Prix de France, and the Sunbeam which made the fastest circuit and highest speed recorded in the 1924 European Grand Prix, were all equipped with Four-wheel Brakes.

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Effective Publicity

The classified advertisement columns of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are an effective means of reaching a discriminating section of the public at a low cost. We especially invite readers who wish to purchase or dispose of articles such as rare editions, antiques, objets d'art, etc., etc., to use these columns.

The rate is 1s. per line—minimum five lines—and advertisements accompanied by P.O., should reach the advertisement manager not later than first post on Wednesdays.

Please note the address:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
9 King Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.2.

Company Meeting

UNION COLD STORAGE

DEVELOPMENT OF BUSINESS

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of this company was held on the 30th ult. in London. The Chairman (Mr. Roger P. Sing), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that at last year's meeting he informed the shareholders that they had just completed the most important development in the history of the company by taking into their organization several large retail distributing businesses. This step had proved most valuable, and the consequent development of the business could only be described as very satisfactory. They had had the benefit of the trading results of the newly-acquired businesses only from June 30, 1923. He was unable to report much improvement during the year under review in connexion with the company's cold storage business. During the War far more cold storage accommodation was provided both by themselves and their competitors than was now necessary for the efficient handling of the goods requiring cold storage. The result was that there was a considerable surplus of accommodation throughout Great Britain, and they had consequently found it essential to close several of their stores at different periods.

From the balance-sheet it would be seen that the balance of working accounts amounted to £726,904, which, with the amount brought in from the previous year, gave the record total of £836,826. From this available balance they had provided for depreciation reserve, interest on Debenture stock, and specific mortgages, dividends on the Six per Cent., Seven per Cent., and Ten per Cent. Preference shares, and directors' fees, and there remained a balance of £227,840. The directors recommended the payment of the usual dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and there would then remain to be carried forward to next year the sum of £127,840, as compared with £109,922 brought into the accounts from the previous year. The depreciation reserve account stood at £2,570,015, which figure showed a substantial increase on last year, and they had purchased and cancelled £63,797 Debenture stock out of the reserve fund. The 1923 accounts now submitted are a matter of considerable gratification to the directors, and he took it that the shareholders would be equally pleased with them. He never liked to prophesy, but enough of the year 1924 had already elapsed for him to say with some confidence that the 1924 report would be equally gratifying.

Mr. T. B. Horsfield seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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The Quality built into every Humber model makes it cheaper in the long run than lower-priced cars, while all the time the Humber owner has the satisfaction of feeling that he drives something infinitely pleasing in finish and performance.

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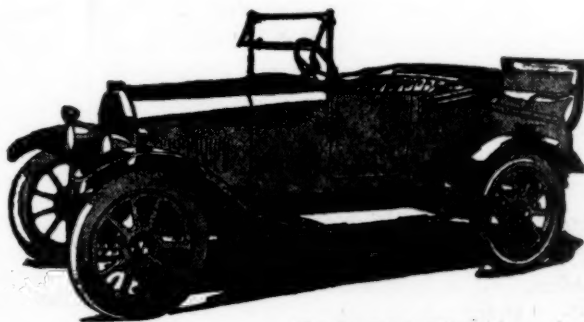
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WHETHER you prefer a light, handy car for ordinary runabout purposes, or a more substantial Touring Model, you will find just the one you have been seeking in the comprehensive Humber range.

The little Humber 8 h.p. 2-Seater is nominally designed to carry two passengers, but there is ample accommodation for an additional occupant in the comfortable Dickey Seat.

Experts and owners alike have expressed their complete satisfaction at the remarkable ease of control, its sweet running, hill-climbing ability and all-round performance.

May we send you our Catalogue?



Humber 8 h.p. 2/3 Seater.

Round the Library Table

ADVERSARIA

THE other day I wrote about the illustrations of the *Notitia*. The little drawings of towns have a special pleasure for me as reminding me of the first book I used to handle when I was allowed to study in the manuscript room of the British Museum. There are two large books there written by the hand of Matthew Paris of St. Albans, our first great English historian. In them he has preserved two route maps he made of the Path to Rome from St. Albans, a long road stretching up and down the pages, marked *Journee*, a day's journey, between every little town with its towers and spires, and occasionally some spot on the day's ride marked off where a hero of romance had lived or died, or some great deed had been done. This road followed the lines of the old Roman post roads, beginning at Wissant instead of *Gessoriacum* (Boulogne) and ending finally at Brindisi, all the towns being a day's march of a Roman legionary apart. I have been over the road, not on foot or on mule as the good Benedictines travelled, but on a bicycle, and it led me through some pleasant ways down to Lyons and across Mount Cenis. Dreaming on a bicycle is not a habit to be indulged in, but I used often to try to picture the history that that road had seen between Caesar and Napoleon. I wonder if our first Franciscans came that way from Lombardy.

The Franciscans have always been fortunate in their historians from Thomas of Celano, who wrote the lives of St. Francis, and the author of the *Fioretti*, down to Luke Wadding—a first-rate scholar—and in our time M. Sabatier and Prof. Little. They have in this respect

a great score over the Dominicans, and not the least of their advantage is that while the Black Friars have to rely on a passage of Trivet's for the bare record of their arrival in England, the Grey Friars have a clear and sympathetic account of their early days here written by one of themselves, Thomas of Eccleston, with every mark of truth. I suppose that is one of the reasons why the Dominicans' seventh centenary passed over without public notice while Canterbury was filled with excursionists the other week.

The receipt of an admirable study by Miss Sybil Goulding of *Swift en France* (Paris, Champion, f.15) sent back my memory to an early admiration of Swift. Curiously enough his *Modest Proposal* was the first thing of his I read as a youth, before Gulliver, even; and its fierce humanity attracted me. Thus when I read my first Thackeray, the *English Humorists*, and came upon his maudlin tirade against Swift—"only a woman's hair, only a . . ." and so on *ad nauseam*—my personal view of Thackeray as a writer was settled.

Though some of Swift's pamphlets were translated into French as they appeared in 1711 and 1712, their anonymity prevented his name from being known, and his *Tale of a Tub*, translated in 1721, was the first of his writings to make his name known. I am amused to find the sort of comments I make on translations from the French turned the other way so long ago; and the mistranslations still familiar in full vigour—"all in the same story" being rendered by *étage*. Miss Goulding goes into the subject of translation pretty fully, and her criticisms of style are just and vigorous. Readers of eighteenth-century literature will recognize the enormous amount of research her work has required, and it is hardly likely that any of them will find nothing new to them in it. Swift's greatest success in France was gained by Gulliver, which was translated, copied, continued, and commented on all hands. The bibliographies at the end of the book show its popularity. Miss Goulding gives a facsimile of a letter to Swift from Voltaire, written in 1727 when the latter was lodging in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and asking for subscriptions to the *Henriade* at a guinea.

The first volume of *The Wayland-Dietrich Saga*, by Miss K. M. Buck, is now published. *The Song of Wayland*. Vol. I. (Mayhew. 21s. net.) I feel about it rather like the friar who had to preach the annual dedication sermon at a country church. It was rather late and he was tired, so his sermon ran thus: "My brethren, last year I told you all about our saint; since then nothing fresh has been discovered about him, so I will not detain you with mere repetition." Miss Buck has the indispensable merit of a story teller—she has a story to tell, and she can tell it. She weaves broken fragments into a consistent whole, her verse runs freely, and she has so far escaped the difficulty caused by telling the story at three removes which her scheme involves. It is a great piece of work, as I said some time ago, and I commend it heartily.

A refinement in book-collecting is foreshadowed by a magnificent catalogue of nearly 150 incunabula in their original bindings, which has just been issued by Jacques Rosenthal of Munich. Needless to say, the prices are high, payable in Swiss francs, which seems to be the favourite standard of price for Continental booksellers. The catalogue is valuable in itself as containing reproductions of a number of the book-binder's stamps, which often help to identify the place of origin of a book.

LIBRARIAN

Winter Excursions TO SOUTH AFRICA

Excursion steamers leave for South Africa in December and January. The fares, including catering, are £30 third class, £60 second class and £90 first class, for the journey there and back.

Why not spend Christmas on a well-appointed liner, cruising over a summer sea from the fog and cold of Britain to the warmth and sunshine of South Africa? A visit there is one of the great experiences of travel, and the sea voyage is smooth, enjoyable and recuperative.

Details may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Write for descriptive travel book, "O.M." It is free.

Acrostics

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1.—The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odams Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Putnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Routledge
Collins	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Dent	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Fisher Unwin	Jarrod	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyldendal	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 135.

TWO PATIENT WATCHERS OF THE SKIES,
MY PILLARS FOUND, WILL MEET YOUR EYES.

1. O heart of mine, thou hast no pleasant smell!
2. A chapel, and the art of speaking well.
3. "Whether you'll find it"—that's just it, my friend!
4. At brother's hand his uncle met his end.
5. Now from the Argentine a town we'll borrow.
6. Kindness for David brought it boundless sorrow.
7. A whole I am and ever must remain.
8. Fell tyrant branded with the mark of Cain.
9. By guile he fell, cursed with too fair a wife.
10. Here rest e'en they who knew no rest in life.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 133.

TWO FAMOUS WARRIORS IN MY PILLARS VIEW:
ONE NEVER LOST A FIGHT, ONE MIDNIGHT-MURDERERS SLEW.

1. A plant, and Irish town known for its mineral waters.
2. A beast, and stuff at times used by our wives and daughters.
3. A bird, and iron bar on which some wagons travel.
4. Denotes a zone that's like to furnish sand and gravel.
5. 'Twas here that good old Homer first saw the daylight's splendour.
6. His feelings towards the Pope are not exactly tender.
7. Absurd it is, I grant, for no one can deny it.
8. Most murderous though it was, the foe gained nothing by it.
9. A kinsman all hold dear: his wealth we may inherit.
10. The gift his master gave was no reward of merit.
11. Him we may class with what some people call a "sperrit."

Solution to Acrostic No. 133.

M allo W
A lpac A
R ai L
L ittor L
B irthplac E
O rangema N
R idiculou S
O nslaugh T
U ncl E
G ehaz I
H obgobli N

1 "The leprosie therefore of Naaman shall cleave vnto thee, and vnto thy seede for euer: And hee went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

2 Kings v. 27

ACROSTIC No. 133.—The winner is Colonel Lyon, 21 Fernshaw Road, Chelsea, S.W.10, who has selected as his prize 'The Saxon Shore,' by Miss J. Mothersole, published at the Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on September 20 under the heading of 'Round the Library Table.' Twenty-nine other competitors asked for this book, 27 named 'The River of a Hundred Ways,' 14 'Arnold Waterlow,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from F. M. Petty, Gay, Martha, Peter, R. Ransom, C. J. Warden, Margaret, D. L., L. M. Maxwell, Mrs. W. H. Myers, Madge, C. A. S., Oakapple, Twyford, A. M. W. Maxwell, H. Solwey, R. C. Hart-Davis, Albert E. K. Wherry, F. S. Lea, Doric, John Lennie, Hely Owen, Rev. E. T. Vernon, Carlton, W. S., Baitho, H. de R. Morgan, Gil, Iago, Still Waters, Lady Duff, Gabriel, Rho Kappa, M. G. Woodward, Lumley, Nora H. Boothroyd, Vixen, E. Barrett, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Jokertoo, Jop, Lilian, Sisyphus, Gunton, Jeff, F. I. Morcom, Mrs. J. Butler, Quis, and J. Chambers.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Heath, Mrs. A. E. Whitaker, Lady Mottram, L. Jenkins, Boskerris, 3V, St. Ives, Old Mancunian, Igidie, Tallow, Miss East, Maud Crowther, Jambot, H. M. Vaughan, Melville, Miss Ruby Macpherson, Tyro, Gordon Touche, Beechworth, A. F. Drake, Farsdon, Bordyke, Lady Duke, R. H. Keate, S. Roxburgh, Miss Kelly, C. H. Burton, William Birkenruth, Mrs. Manfield, J. D. T., Arthur Mills, East Sheen, Pussy, and Hedulo.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: E. Edwards, Lance. H. Hughes, Bogs, A. de V. Blathwayt, and Hadji Baba. All others more.

Lights 4, 5, and 6 proved the most difficult.

BOOKS TO READ

Some Early Impressions. By Leslie Stephens. Hogarth Press (September 27.)

Essays and Adventures of a Labour M.P. By Josiah Wedgwood. Allen and Unwin. (September 13.)

The English Novel of To-day. By Gerald Gould. Castle.

Sunward. By Louis Golding. Chatto and Windus. (October 4.)

The River of Life. By J. St. Loe Strachey. Hodder and Stoughton.

The London Adventure. By Arthur Machen. Secker.

W. H. Hudson: An Anthology. By Edward Garnett. Dent. (September 27.)



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City Notes

Lombard Street, Thursday

IF so serious a matter could be considered amusing, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's statement at Derby, with reference to the Russian Loan, that "They say that we are going to give them a loan. We are going to do nothing of the kind. All we are going to do is to guarantee a loan," would have amused the City. As it is we are left wondering whether Mr. MacDonald really thinks that any sane person would lend the Soviet Government a penny on a loan that was not guaranteed, or whether he rates City intelligence at so low a standard as to think that it will be gulled by such verbal quibbles. The loan will only be possible on account of the guarantee, which guarantee will in all probability have to be substantiated, as the Soviet Government is most unlikely to be able or willing to pay interest or principal. I discussed this matter with one of the greatest authorities on Russia in this country. He expressed surprise that Mr. Asquith should object to the loan merely on the grounds "that it was of an undefined amount upon unspecified conditions," and not on the grounds that as the basis of Communism was the destruction of Capitalism, a loan to Communism could merely show sympathy with its views and provide the wherewithal for further pernicious propaganda in this country. He further expressed the opinion that the Soviet Government did not represent the Russian people, who would not be allowed to benefit to the extent of one rouble from the proceeds of the loan.

FRISCO MINES

San Francisco Mines of Mexico, Ltd., have come in for renewed attention and deservedly so. 1,500,000 10s. shares are issued, and all former existing Debentures have been redeemed and options matured. The Company's property consists of 253 acres near Parral Chihuahua, Mexico, where a deposit of silver, lead and zinc, with some copper and gold, is being worked. The capacity of the plant has this year been increased from 250 tons to 500 tons of ore per day, but the actual output is at present only about 400 tons, as development operations are being pushed in order to secure an uninterrupted supply for the full mill. The following compares results obtained in 1923 with those in 1924:

	Tons milled.	Working profit.
Year to Sept. 30, 1923	88,279	£181,000
11 months to Aug. 31, 1924	121,373	£280,500

If the profits for September work out on the average of the past 11 months, the full 12 months' profit will be £306,000, equivalent to 4s. 2d. per 10s. share. An interim dividend of 1s. 3d. per share has been paid for the year ending September 30, 1924, and I expect a final dividend of 1s. 9d. per share, making a total distribution of 3s. against an actual earned profit of over 4s. The Company is well supplied with funds to meet all capital expenditure. The last balance-sheet showed cash resources of about a quarter of a million, of which probably £200,000 now remains. I recommend these shares at the present price of 23s. 9d. as a sound mining investment for dividends and capital appreciation.

A JUGOSLAVIAN BANK SHARE

The feature of the foreign exchange market of late has been the appreciation in the value of the dinar to 320 to the pound against 365 last July. This improvement is symbolical of the improving conditions in

Jugoslavia. It is strange that so little interest is taken in this country in Jugoslavia, which is one of the largest of the New States that emerged from the chaos of the European War. Its population of 14½ millions is roughly equal to the combined population of post-war Austria and Hungary or Holland and Belgium combined. Three-quarters of this population is occupied in agriculture, and the country possesses possibilities of a very considerable export trade in agricultural products. Of the banks in Jugoslavia I consider the prospects of the Kroatische Escompte Bank very favourable. This bank, with its headquarters in Zagreb (formerly known as Agram), appears well placed to reap the benefit of its country's improving condition. Its shares of a nominal value of 100 dinars can be purchased at the sterling equivalent of about 7s. 1½d. Dividends of 17% were paid in 1920, 11½% plus a share bonus in 1921, 12½% in 1922, and 15% in 1923 (at the present rate of exchange a 15% dividend is equivalent to about tenpence). There is a very free market in the shares in Vienna and the dullness in price can be attributed to the general depression in Austrian Bank shares through causes not shared by Jugoslavian banks. An interesting lock-up with possibilities.

NATAL NAVIGATION COLLIERIES

Registered in 1902, the Natal Navigation Collieries and Estate Co., Ltd., can now be deemed very soundly established. The capital of the company is £725,000 in £1 shares, of which 667,040 are issued. The reserve account stands at £197,278 and investments are valued at £309,996. For the years ending June 30, 1923 and 1924, ordinary shares received dividends amounting to 15%, 10% was paid for 1922-23, 12½% for 1921-22, 15% for 1920-21 and 10% for the two previous years. Outputs for this year show a marked improvement over those of last year. I hear well of the concern, and for those who favour this class of investment I recommend these shares at the present price of 29s.

PREFERENCE SHARES

I am personally never very keen on Industrial Preference shares; to my mind if the concern is successful I would rather hold the ordinary and reap the full benefit, whereas if the concern is not successful I do not want to hold the Preference. Still, as there are many who do not share this view, I give a selection with their yields:

		Present price.	Yield.
British Aluminium	6%	20s. 6d.	£5 16s. 9d.
Courtaulds	5%	18s. 6d.	£5 6s. 3d.
Spillers Milling	6%	22s. 3d.	£5 7s. 6d.
Union Cold Storage	6%	21s.	£5 14s. 6d.
United Dairies	6%	20s. 6d.	£5 16s. 9d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

JAM.—Retain your Crosse & Blackwell Preference.

H. L.—Vereeniging Estates should not be sold yet.

CEYLON.—1. I agree Chargola Tea are a good purchase. 2. I favour Nitrate shares, especially Lautaro.

BONDS.—The improvement in the 1908 and 1909 Turkish Bonds can be attributed to the negotiations now proceeding.

ALPHA.—1. The German Loan is expected about the middle of October. 2. New York say 20 millions, London 10 millions, and the balance to the Continent. Issue price not known. I suggest 7½% at 95, but this is all mere surmise.

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Lack of talent has principally accounted for this latency. Tragedians there are in plenty. Comedians of the rougher kind also exist, but clean comedians have up to now been almost extinct, and it is therefore a pleasure to us to be in a position to inform the general public that we have at last discovered a clean comedian of the very highest order in Jack Jones, and that given the necessary financial backing to enable us to produce Jack Jones in a series of two-reel comedies, we are confident that he will be hailed as the finest clean comedy man of his day. Through the production of Mr. Jones, comedies of a class hitherto unattempted are within our grasp, and it is our earnest hope that the British public will appreciate this.

Clean Comedies!

We feel sure that the success of the Jack Jones productions will be assured by the cleanliness and genuine wit which this artist can give—wit procured without any effort and one which we have lost since the death of the late Mr. Drew.—(Advt.)

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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Mussolini and Machiavelli. By G. M. Godden.
Ulster's Irish Spirit. By "Macdara."
The Prime Ministers at Geneva. By Hugh F. Spender.
The Tyranny of Trade Unionism. By Archibald Hurd
Soviet Treaties. By "Augur."
Literature and Science: Dialogue Between Bernard Shaw and
Archibald Henderson.
The Film and the Future. By Alec Waugh.
The Political Future of Japan. By Stephen King-Hall.
The Plays of Allan Monkhouse. By Graham Sutton.
Poem—On an Autumn Evening Spent in Reading Cowper. By
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